

Songs AND Ballads

COMPOSED
BY

Fredk. Buckley.

SMILE AGAIN
WHY DO WE MOURN FOR THE PAST
I'VE BEEN ROAMING O'ER THE PRARIES
SOMEBODY'S COURTING SOMEBODY
LAUGHING JENNIE
WE ARE GROWING OLD TOGETHER
DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

FORGIVE & FORGET
MY MEMORY TURNS WITH FONDNESS &c.
BID ME NOT FORGET
OUR UNION RIGHT OR WRONG
MY OLD HOUSE, MY DEAR HAPPY HOME
WE SHALL SEE HER NO MORE
I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY

INDEPENDENT MAID or GIVE ME FREEDOM EVER

Each
2 1

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I'VE BEEN ROAMING O'ER THE PRAIRIES

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Words by CORA MAY.

Music by FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 2/4 time, consisting of four measures. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The first verse of the song is introduced by a double bar line. The lyrics are: "I've been roaming, roaming through the wild wood deep, I've been roaming, roaming o'er the prairies wild, Searching for the flow'rets when the prairies sleep; In the ti-ny blossoms Plucking dewy blossoms, happy as a child; Casting care and sadness". The piano accompaniment continues throughout the song, with the left hand playing a steady eighth-note pattern and the right hand playing chords and single notes.

2^d Verse. I've been roaming, roaming through the wild wood deep,
I've been roaming, roaming o'er the prairies wild,
Searching for the flow'rets when the prairies sleep; In the ti-ny blossoms
Plucking dewy blossoms, happy as a child; Casting care and sadness

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swaying to and fro, Whispering to each other ve-ry soft and low.
 ve-ry far a-way, For the earth rejoices on this pleasant day.

I've been roaming, roaming o'er the dewy grass, Gemmed with fairy blossoms
 I've been roaming, roaming where the lilies sleep, On the tiny lakelet

swaying as I pass, For the breeze was flitting o'er the grassy lea,
 sparkling cool and deep, Where the brooklet singeth o'er the pebbles white,

Whispering many a story to the flowers and me, For the breeze was flitting
 Making gladsome music glancing in the light, Where the brooklet singeth

o'er the grassy lea, Whispering many a story to the flowers and me,
 o'er the pebbles white, Making gladsome music glancing in the light.

